

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VII. No. 10

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

DECEMBER 3, 1916

## The Picnic That Didn't take Place.

BY CAROLYN HALE RUSS.

IT was Tyke who really saved Polly and Horace, and it all came about in this way.

The Peters family was spending the winter in Bermuda. On the day when the most unexpected thing in the world happened to Polly and Horace, the children had planned to take their lunch and picnic over on the south shore. They were to go with Charlie Ebbin, who was Florence's brother. Florence was the Peters' cook. He knew the island, every foot of it, so Florence said; and, as he was sixteen, he seemed to Horace quite grown up. Horace was eleven.

Mrs. Peters stood at the door of their white coral cottage waving "good-by" to the children. Florence gave a basket loaded with goodies to Charlie.

"Be careful of dat basket, Charlie Ebbin," said she. "Nice things in dat basket—cold chicken—pawpaws—but go 'long. I won't tell you nothin' more. Look out for dose matches!" she called after them. "Dey's to bil' a fire to roast the potatoes."

"Good-by, children," said Mrs. Peters. "Take good care of them, Charlie."

"Yes'um, I will, sure," said Charlie.

"Good-by, mother," from Horace;

"Good-by, muvver, there's a big bear's hug to last until I get back,"—a hug and a kiss from Polly,—and they were off; Polly with her bright curls dancing as she skipped along, Horace and Charlie walking more sedately. They had just reached the bend in the road when something flashed past Mrs. Peters,—who had gone to the garden-gate to watch the children,—dashed through the gateway, and sped down the road after Polly and Horace. It was Tyke, the young collie.

"Go home, Tyke! Go home!" shouted Horace.

"You bad doggie, how did you get free?" called Polly.

"Tyke, Tyke, come here!" said Mrs. Peters.

Reluctantly Tyke returned, slinking along, with sharp little cries. They had decided that the collie must remain at home, as he was a young dog and full of life, with some bad habits, such as chasing hens and goats, or whatever animal might come within his puppy notice.

The distance, in a straight line to the south shore, was about a mile. In making this short cut much of the way lay across country. The children left the public road at the corner, and entering green fields hurried along laughing and talking. Sometimes they stopped a few minutes under the shade of a great cedar or palmetto palm, while Polly picked more "flopplers" to add to those with which her hands were already nearly filled. Then Horace would grab a spray from her and they would laugh at the sharp report as he snapped the "flopper" between his fingers.



A FIELD OF LILIES IN BERMUDA.

They had gone about two-thirds of the way when Charlie suddenly remembered a message his father had told him to give a gentleman for whom he worked. Charlie had forgotten it completely. He feared the punishment he would receive when his father should learn of his carelessness. He decided to retrace his steps.

"Master Horace and Miss Polly, will you stay here while I run back a little? I sure forget what my father said. Stay right 'round here. I be back 'fore you can wink." And Charlie was off like the wind.

For a few minutes the children sat quite still watching a redbird who flirted his dainty crown at them from a near-by rubber tree, then Polly said:

"I wish Florence was here to tell us the story her grandmother used to tell her about the fairies. She called them jumbies. Florence's grandmother said once upon a time there were lots of jumbies on the islands, but now they have all gone into the caves—so many people 'sturbs them." Polly meant "disturbs."

"You mustn't believe all you hear, Polly," said Horace. "Come, I'm tired of waiting here, let's walk on." So, holding the lunch-basket that Charlie had left in his care, the children ran on over the green hillside, going slowly at first, but at last quite forgetting, until, suddenly, the earth opened and swallowed them!

Down they went, down, down—sliding along—rolling over—bumping against things

—trying to cling to something, but slipping always, until after a great while, so it seemed to them, they halted.

At first Polly was so dazed she thought she had had a bad dream; she sometimes dreamed of falling. So she lay very still waiting to fully wake up. But her arm ached and her knee smarted, and while she was trying to get things straightened out she heard Horace say, "Polly!" So she knew she wasn't dreaming, but that some strange and awful thing had happened. She opened her eyes, but couldn't see a thing. Oh, how frightened she was!

"Polly," said Horace, "are you hurt?"

"O Horace, is that you? I don't know." And Polly lay there not daring to move.

Horace was all lame and smarting too. He knew that something dreadful had happened, and he wanted to find out what it was, so he sat up. He was dazed and aching, and when he tried to look about him he couldn't see a thing. The air was warm and close—much warmer than before the earth had opened and swallowed them. He was awfully frightened, but he mustn't let Polly know, so he called out:

"Don't move, Polly. Here's the lunch-basket. I feel it here beside me. I'm going to open it and get the matches." The light of a match flashed out, and by its light, right in front of him he saw a great pond. It was well they had rolled no further! He was so frightened that he dropped the match and the light went out.



"I know where we are! I know where we are!" cried Polly. "We are in the home of the lost jumbies!"

When the match had flamed, Polly, who was lying flat, not daring to sit up even, had glanced upward. All about her hung long gleaming crystals—some reaching from above, and some rising up from the floor. She sat up then, and was just about to jump to her feet when Horace reached out and caught her.

"Don't move, Polly, don't move, or you'll step into the water!"

"Humph!" exclaimed Polly, "there's nothing to be afraid of—we are in the home of the lost jumbies. Oh, I do hope we haven't frightened them away—poor things—people just tagging them about."

"Jumbies or not, that is real water, and if you step into it you will drown."

Another match flashed out. Polly saw the water this time. It did look poky, but she knew it was the home of the good fairies, and she felt quite safe.

"Can't you see it is a fairy lake? See the great white things coming up from the bottom."

"Can't you see they are the reflections of the great white things coming down from the top?" answered Horace.

In the basket he found some paper; this he twisted into tapers. The tapers would last for a longer time than the matches. He lighted one and looked about him.

They were in a shelving cave that increased in height until the dome was lost in the faint light.

"This is the fairies' garden," cried Polly. "Look at their lovely flowers!"

Sure enough, there were bunches of white roses and great sprays of lilies.

"Oh, the lilies, the beautiful lilies! I must have one." She reached out and tried to pick one, but they were all of stone.

"Come, Polly, we must try to climb out of this." Horace lighted another taper, and, telling Polly to hold to his coat, he struggled upward. Falling back, and scrambling ahead, they finally came to where a glimmer of light filtered down. Then they called—oh, how they called! A straight shaft towered right above them up to the surface, but they could get no further than the bottom of the shaft. Here they waited a long time, so it seemed to them, and it was well that Horace had filled his pockets with some of the contents of the lunch-basket.

In the distance they heard a faint barking; it came nearer, then a pointed nose came in between them and the light. They knew that nose. It belonged to Tyke. Then came voices, then they plainly heard father's voice, and mother came to the shaft and called down to them all the brave things a mother could think of.

"We are coming to get you, beloveds. Are you all right, my pets?"

When finally Charlie had been lowered on a rope and brought the children to the surface, and Polly flew to her mother's arms, she cried,—

"Muvver, we've found the lost jumbies' home, and I'm 'fraid we've frightened them away again, for there wasn't one at home."

And father, who was talking to Horace, patted the head of Tyke and said,—

"Well, old fellow, you found them."

Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;

Each man his prison makes.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

## Symbols of Christmas.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

(For three children.)

ALL:

Beautiful symbols of Christmas Day,  
Old as the ages hoary,  
Glorious tokens of Love are they,  
Telling the dear old story.  
Dear and familiar as snowdrops of spring,  
Ever the gladsome old thrill they bring.

FIRST CHILD:

Christmas Tree, sturdy and stately and green,

Fresh from the wood or hill,  
Stanchness and beauty in you are seen,  
Fragrance your boughs distil;  
Leaving the wondrous Outdoors for me—  
Dearest Yule symbol, the Christmas Tree!

SECOND CHILD:

Radiant, beautiful Christmas Star,  
Beaming so bright on high,  
Symbol of guidance and light you are,  
Now as in days gone by;  
Twinkling in sky-field or decking the tree—  
You bring the story of Christmas to me.

THIRD CHILD:

Dear little Baby so dimpled and wee,  
Holding your precious toy,  
Christmas could never so gladsome be  
But for your laughing joy;  
Angel-hosts caroled that first Christmas Day  
O'er the Blest Babe, fast asleep in the hay.

ALL:

Wonderful birthday of Christ our King,  
Day to our hearts most dear;  
Baby and Fir Tree and Star e'er bring  
Blessings of Yuletide near;  
Closer we feel to the Great Heart above—  
All of these beautiful symbols mean Love!

## The Land of Sir Will.

BY RUTH H. LENZNER.

"WHY, William!" exclaimed his mother, "what happened to all the candy? You know you promised not to eat any more of it."

William glanced at the empty dish that had been heaped with little licorice men. "I don't know where they're gone," he said softly, digging his hands deep into his trousers pockets. There was a long minute of silence, while he stood looking out of the window, his little jaw set firm, his eyes sullen. Then Aunt Lora came to the rescue.

"O William, I have a brand-new story for you," she said.

How relieved he felt as he ran and climbed up beside her on the sofa. "Knights or giants?" he asked. He much preferred knights. Ordinarily he would have demanded knights; but just now he was glad for any story that could make him forget mother's question.

"Once upon a time," began Aunt Lora, "there was a knight by the name of Sir Will—"

"Short for William?"

"Wait and see," said Aunt Lora. "This knight ruled over a very beautiful place called the Land of Boy,—the most wonderful kingdom in the whole world. It had two cities of 'Hand,' each with five beautiful streets; and two cities of 'Ear' very much alike. But, best of all, away up on the highest mountain of the whole kingdom, was built the palace of Sir Will himself." Aunt Lora made a "man" out of her two

fingers, that walked right up to the top of William's head.

"Sir Will could rule the kingdom just by managing some little white wires that carried messages to the different cities. For instance, if mother's spool should fall on the floor, as it did just now, Sir Will might send a message down to the city of Hand and say"—

"I know," said William. "He could say, 'Hand, pick up mother's spool.'" And before he had finished saying it, William had slipped down from the sofa, picked up the spool, and placed it in mother's lap. But she merely said "Thank you" without looking up.

He came back to the sofa, and Aunt Lora continued: "Sir Will knew that if he were a wise and good ruler, he could some day make the Kingdom of Boy powerful and strong and useful in the world. So he tried very hard to govern the land well. And sometimes when he did a thing that people thought very hard to do, he was called Sir Will Power."

"One day a stranger by the name of Licorice came to the Land of Boy. He passed the house of Miss Palate, and she was so pleased with his fine manners that as soon as he was gone she asked Sir Will if she might invite another member of the Licorice family to come."

"Of course Sir Will wanted to please Miss Palate. Everybody did; it was a nice, pleasant thing to do. But he knew very well that although one Licorice man might not do any harm, still if his brothers came too, there was sure to be trouble. He thought a long time before he let the second Licorice come; and almost before he had given his consent, the city of Hand was ready to receive him, for the Licorice family were great favorites."

"But even then Miss Palate was not satisfied. She begged Sir Will again and again for just one more visit or for permission to invite just one more Licorice, for she found each one more pleasing than the last; and each time Sir Will found it harder and harder to refuse her. He would say 'No' at first, but Miss Palate always had her way; until finally he wasn't Sir Will Power at all any more. He was just a very foolish knight who was not worthy of ruling such an important kingdom as Boy. At last he became so weak that he let Miss Palate have her way without saying anything at all. I really do not know how many Licorice men were finally admitted. Do you?"

"About eleven," said William, softly, glancing at mother. But she was too busy to hear him.

"The Queen came that way after a while. She was so afraid that the Licorice men would make trouble that she was very anxious to know just how many Sir Will had permitted to come. As for Sir Will, who usually told the Queen all of his troubles, he said nothing at all this time, because he knew it had been his fault."

"But at last"—

"I know, Aunt Lora, at last he got to be Sir Will Power again.—And Will is short for William, isn't it?"

Mother must have been listening after all, for when William slipped both arms around her neck, to whisper in her ear, she turned and kissed him before he had a chance.

The battle element must pass away  
From life.

BROWNING.



## A Man.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

WHEN things do not go quite right, my lad,  
The very best thing to do  
Is just to whistle a jolly tune,  
Pitch in, and see the job through.

Never you mind if 'tis raining!  
What though the wind *does* blow?  
After the buttercups, daisies;  
And flowers after the snow.

Fell down a bit at your lessons?  
Flunked at the game of ball?  
Wasn't as brave as you should be?  
Laddie—*forget it all!*

Wash the slate clean; start to-morrow  
Doing the best that you can;  
The surest way to win out, lad,  
*Is just by being a man!*

## There with the Goods.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

JOE ESTERBROOK fumbled. In the ninth inning, when the score stood four to three in favor of the Harwich Academy team, and victory seemed practically within their grasp, a fly ball had dropped into his hands—and out. Two men succeeded in reaching the home plate as the result, and the academy team went down to defeat.

"Oh, you muffer! Get a basket!" were among the angry ejaculations which were hurled at him as he walked slowly in from the left field.

"Same old story, Tom, not there at the critical time," said Esterbrook that afternoon as he entered his room in Crosby Hall, addressing his roommate, Tom Ramsey, who was laid up with a sprained ankle. "I can play ball with the best of the boys, but when it comes to the scratch and everything depends on me, somehow I lose my nerve. We lost the game to-day and I was to blame for it."

"Cheer up, Joe. Professionals miff a ball once in a while. Forget it and get to work on this list of words I've been culling out of the dictionary this afternoon. Show the boys next Saturday night that you know how to spell. They'll forget about your fumble long before then."

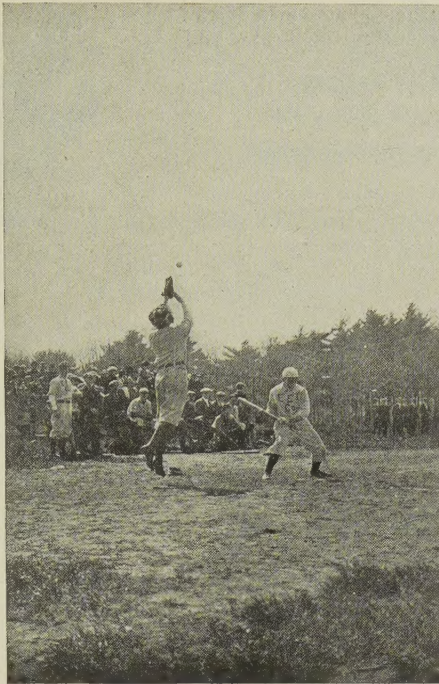
"It will be the same then, Tom. I'll do all right until I face Burgstrom and then I'll fall down; lose confidence and spell cat with a capital K. Guess I'll take a long walk and hate myself."

Big, good-natured Jack Burgstrom dropped in half an hour later and, finding Esterbrook absent, eased his mind to Ramsey regarding Joe's blunder.

"A ten-year-old boy would have caught that fly," he said, sitting down on the edge of the bed. "Why, Tom, it just dropped into his hands. All he had to do was just close his fingers and the game would have been ours. I am pretty easy-going, but I was certainly mad when I saw him miff that ball."

"Joe is an odd stick," mused Ramsey. "He's one of the very keenest boys in the academy. He is there with the goods every time when there is nothing at stake."

"That's what makes me mad," said Burgstrom. "If he was a poor player, we could charge it up to bad luck and to be expected now and then. As it is, I feel as though I



A WILD PITCH.

could enjoy shaking him until his teeth rattled."

"The only trouble with Esterbrook is that he lacks confidence," said Ramsey. "Let him make good once when he is in a tight place, and we will see a different boy, Jack. I should like to see him win the prize next Saturday when the spelling-match comes off."

"He will have to go some to do it, Tom, believe me!" replied Burgstrom. "Some of those boys from the high school can certainly spell. There are a dozen or more of them coming up."

"And you are going to try for it, too," said Ramsey, smiling.

"Oh, I shall do the best I can, of course," laughed Burgstrom.

"And will carry a handsome edition of the Century Dictionary off to your room."

"Possibly, unless some boy from the high school surprises me, or—or Esterbrook wakes up."

Nearly a hundred took part in the spelling-match which took place the ensuing Saturday evening. The big lecture hall of the academy was crowded, every seat being taken by the academy boys and visitors from the town.

Within half an hour three-quarters of the contestants had been spelled down. Half a dozen of the boys from the high school and twice that number of the academy boys still stood; among the latter were Burgstrom and Esterbrook.

"Idiosyncrasy" floored five of those still standing. Burgstrom and Esterbrook, among others, remained. A withering fire of five and six syllabled words presently dropped ten of those who remained. Burgstrom and Esterbrook, with one lone survivor from the high school, seemed invincible.

The champion from the high school spelled "jibe" with a g, and took his seat.

Burgstrom glanced at Esterbrook and saw a telltale flood of color creeping over his pale face. It was the same crimson which he had noted scores of time in the class-room, which had ever foretold a nervousness which ended in failure. The principal of the academy had likewise observed the remarkable change and, realizing what it meant, cautioned Esterbrook.

"Take your time, Esterbrook," he said

kindly; "don't spell until you are sure of your ground."

While the principal was speaking, Burgstrom stood with tense muscles awaiting the next word. He awaited it, but his mind was elsewhere. It seemed to him that he had suddenly been transported to that room in Crosby Hall where he had talked with Ramsey after the ball game, and again he heard Ramsey's words: "Let him make good once when he is in a tight place, and we will see a different boy, Jack."

"Wort."

That single-syllabled word came from the lips of the principal like a bullet.

"W"—spelled Burgstrom, his lips trembling.

Again he heard those words of Ramsey's and again he looked at Esterbrook and noted the crimson face.

"U-r-t, wort," he spelled, hesitating between each letter.

As he pronounced the word Burgstrom made a slight motion as though to take his seat, a motion so slight that it would seem doubtful one could have noted it. Tom Ramsey's eyes were sharp.

"Next!"

"W-o-r-t," spelled Esterbrook, every particle of color receding from his face.

The first of the academy boys to congratulate Esterbrook was Burgstrom, and there was a hearty ring in his voice that told his words were genuine.

"Esterbrook, you was there with the goods," he said, slapping him on the back. "I—I guess I was asleep at the switch. John's-wort, motherwort, thoroughwort! Don't you ever forget 'wort,' Joe."

"Jack, what made you start to sit down when you spelled that last word?" asked Ramsey, cornering Burgstrom as the latter was about to go to his room.

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"Never mind, Jack. I saw it. Jack, you are a brick."

"Jack, do you suppose Kendall will let me play with the nine next Saturday?" asked Esterbrook the following morning, meeting Burgstrom on the way to breakfast. "I feel as though I could play with the Red Sox and hold my end up."

"Play? Sure. We are counting on you. Without you, we are lost."

The game that Saturday afternoon stood five to four in the ninth inning in favor of the Harwich Academy. It was the second half. Second and third were full. A liner, hot from the bat, whizzed out into the left field. Second was making third and third was sprinting for home, when Esterbrook, running backwards, leaped and caught the ball, stumbled and fell, but triumphantly held the precious ball aloft.

Burgstrom grabbed Ramsey around the waist and executed a war dance.

"He was there with the goods, Tom!" he cried. "Right on the job, Tom!"

## Between Friends.

IF I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness;  
If I have moved among my race  
And shown no glorious morning face;  
If beams from happy human eyes  
Have moved me not; if morning skies,  
Books, and my food, and summer rain  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—  
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take  
And stab my spirit broad awake!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MONROE, WIS.,  
421 North Jefferson Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Universalist Sunday school. We just got *The Beacon* this Sunday and it is the first Sunday we had it. I like it very much. Mrs. Corson is our Sunday school teacher. She said if we all would try we could be in the Beacon Club, so I am trying. Our minister's name is Mr. McLaughlin. I am ten years old and I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

FRANCES LUDLOW.

Jean Dietz, another member of this class of thirteen girls, has also joined our Club.

WHITMAN, MASS.,  
57 Vernon Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church and I am eleven years old. My Sunday school teacher's name is Mr. Houghton, and he is our minister. Last Sunday was the first time I have been absent since March, 1915. I was out of town. I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear a button.

Yours truly,

ELMER THEODORE STETSON.

ASHBY, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Ashby.

Rev. E. S. Treworgy is our minister.

Mrs. Wilder is my Sunday school teacher.

There are eight pupils in my class.

One of the classes has formed a club, they call it the Hale Club. They gave an entertainment the other night which was enjoyed by every one.

I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday, and enjoy reading it very much.

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours sincerely,

DOROTHY B. HUCKINS.

Elizabeth W. French, another member of this class of girls in the Ashby Sunday school, has also joined our Club.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.,  
900 Hope Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school in Providence. I have a friend who I let take my *Beacon*; she likes it very much. My teacher is Miss Monroe. My principal is Mr. Allen. My minister is Dr. Lord. I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club. I am going to enclose a story which I thought you would like. I am ten years old.

Sincerely yours,

MARY B. WEIS.

## Grandmother's Spicy Stories.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

NO. 2.

THE following evening Robert had something round and hard in his palm which he occasionally sniffed at and even nibbled at a little.

"Careful!" grandmother cautioned, "nutmegs are not very good for boys' stomachs."

"I'd rather hear about it than eat it, anyway," Robert sighed, holding up the nutmeg so that grandmother could take it in her hand. "What is a nutmeg, grandmother?"

"If I had asked you," grandmother said, "you would have answered, 'A nutmeg is a nutmeg' and been satisfied with that."

Robert nodded. "I would have been before you made me *think* about things," he said, "but now it isn't enough. I want to know all about it."

Grandmother smiled. "That is what I want to teach you to do," she said, "to think for your self. And to ask questions so that you will know for yourself. Doubtless hundreds of people live to be old without knowing the truth about the little things which we accept as ordinary and which are not ordinary at all."

"Like the nutmeg," Robert hinted.

Grandmother's eyes twinkled.

"Yes—like the nutmeg," she answered.

"The nutmeg is the kernel of a seed."

"What kind of a seed?"

"It is the seed of a rounded pear-shaped fruit," grandmother explained, "that grows on an evergreen tree. This tree grows to the height of fifty or sixty feet. The fruit is gathered by the natives in oval baskets securely fastened onto the ends of bamboo poles. Above the baskets are two little prongs which break or cut the stem of the fruit so that it falls into the basket beneath."

"Is the fruit good to eat?" Robert asked.

Grandmother shook her head. "Not in the way you mean," she said; "the fruit when mature splits open just as the chestnut

bur does, exposing a crimson substance which is the mace of commerce. The seeds have a hard shell, and they are dried in a drying house, after which the kernels are picked out and sorted. These kernels are the nutmegs."

"Where do the trees grow?" Robert asked.

"In the Banda Islands. You had better bring the geography again. The trees are planted and bear eight years afterward, bearing best at about twenty-five years. However, they often bear for sixty years or longer."

"I'd like to have a nutmeg tree," Robert sighed.

"I suspect you would. I have read of the fruit being preserved in sirup as a sweetmeat. Do you think you would like that, too?"

"I'm sure I should," nodded Robert.

## How the Mistletoe Grows.

THE story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearly white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some of our birds eat them freely. Now, when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time. This seed sprouts after a time, and, not finding earth,—which, indeed, its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting,—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree—far richer than that in the wood—and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XXII.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 8, 10, is a Spanish title.

My 2, 6, 9, 3, 5, is without company.

My 7, 5, 2, 3, grows in a garden.

My 6, 4, 11, is not true.

My *whole* is the name of a famous hunter.

ROBERT PETERS.

### ENIGMA XXIII.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 11, 13, is an article.

My 4, 5, 15, 16, is a small body of water.

My 8, 9, is a preposition.

My 2, 8, 6, is a receptacle for coal.

My 10, 12, 14, 15, is a tree found in the East Indies.

My 2, 5, 7, is food for a horse.

My 13, 14, 10, 11, is a narrow strip of wood.

My *whole* is a famous poem.

ARDEA HODGINS.

### CHARADE.

Come, Polly, put the kettle on,

Let's have a cup o' tea.

And, Polly, darling, also put

My two and one and three,

And make a pair o' flannel cakes,

One each for you and me.

To find my *whole*, you'll have to go

To Paris or to Rome.

In either city you may see

Its porches and its dome.

The ashes of the honored dead

Find there their final home.

*Browning's Magazine.*

### WHAT IS IT?

What has a soft and downy cheek,

What has a heart of stone,

What hangs and hangs week after week

And never groans a groan?

When you the right conclusion reach—

Just finish out this line—a ———.

*Selected.*

### CHANGED INITIALS.

I am a word of four letters, and mean to seize, or wound with the teeth.

Change my head, and I am to quote.

Change my head, and I am a boy's toy.

Change my head, and I am a small coin.

Again, and I am a solemn observance.

Again, and I am the place where anything is fixed.

*Exchange.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 8.

ENIGMA XVII.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

ENIGMA XVIII.—Dictionary.

ENIGMA XIX.—Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

BEHEADINGS.—I. Slumber, lumber, umber. II. Draft, raft, aft. III. Usage, sage, age.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York  
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago  
162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEORGE H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON